The Commonweal
January 14, 1949

How Catholics Voted in Congress

Dale Francis

FACING THE FACTS

Clement de Haas

ESCAPE FROM THE GRINDING GEARS

Norman McKenna

VOLUME XLIX 15c NUMBER 14

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Next Week

EQUALITY OF EDUCATION, by Lafe Franklin Allen, is a highly informative, factual account of the current struggle of the Negro in America to share in the nation's higher education facilities. It begins with an "ambitious school teacher, 54-year-old G. W. McLaurin, who is willing to trade time, dollars and mental effort for the professional preference and prestige which go with a doctor's degree in education." Mr. McLaurin is surmounting the obstacles he finds at the graduate school of the University of Oklahoma. The Gaines and Sipuel cases then lead to the lengths to which certain Southern and border states will go to maintain segregation by providing a theoretically "equal" course at some unequipped Negro college.

REPORT FROM POLAND. A bulletin published in France by a Free Polish group is the source of this revealing expostion of current relations between Church and State in the predominantly Catholic country of Poland. It is useful to compare the means to which the Soviet authorities resort in this special situation with their present tactics in Hungary and Czechoslovakia. The aim, of course, is a constant but the Communists pursue it by expedients varying with the conditions they find in each satellite country.

Also John C. Cort on the Labor Movement, editorials on the news of the week and revealing reviews of current books, plays and movies.

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The
COMMONWEAL

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Congress Seeks the Sources

VAST speculation about the chances for changing Congressional procedures which in the past permitted the Rules Committee to block Roosevelt and Truman legislative programs preceded the convening of the Eighty-first Congress. The political experts predicted a close and significant struggle, and newspaper and periodical copy heaped up profitably. At the end of the first day of the Congressional session, the radio could announce in about two seconds that the rules had been amended by a simple 275 to 142 House vote. Political writers, and particularly political prognosticators, certainly seem to write for their living; and what an odd public we are to keep buying their stuff! Wait twelve hours and save five cents. The Eighty-first Congress will do what they will do, and that's all we are seriously selling.

The Government operates on the assumption that the national economy will furnish taxable income, and this assumption in turn presumes that there will be resources to work at, and economic activity and initiative working at them. The limiting factor and perhaps emergent problem is the possible collision with the limit of taxable income, or even the dwindling of that source of taxes. Let us leave aside considerations of the supply of natural resources, because people who talk about natural resources are cranks or romantics. When a limit seems to be approached to the taxes which government can take from the economy, government has several ways around the problem. The tax collector can develop enterprises of his own which yield direct return, so that government gets not merely its tax percentage but the whole economic return. Government can develop income from forced labor of various increasingly direct sorts. Government can go in for conquest and spoils.

Historical developments have placed the present Federal Government in an interesting and delicate position. To get and assure the maximum amount of money, the Government would have to juggle with surpassing art the tax income and the income from other sources. Government income might be solidified and brought into the Treasury more easily through development of non-tax, direct returns; but that development might place in jeopardy the wonderful flow of taxes upon which current appropriations are primarily and precariously based. It's not an easy thing to be a conscientious servant of the people.

So another thing we might be willing to sell our public about the current Congress is that there will be very much backing and filling by the legislators and by the administrative recommenders to the legislators. It is only the wild-eyed Reds who are willing to throw away that tax income on the speculation that government could get enough out of its own socialist, nationalized economy. Only the apoplectic, doctrinaire reactionaries are willing to throw away the government income and expenditures which produce the problem of where is it all coming from—let alone, where is it all going. In the more mature economies across the seas, they may be forced to face the issues sooner, but here it certainly appears that we still have sufficient margin for error to last out one more Congress, at least, with no worse than loud bargaining. We have not yet reached the point at which Bertrand Russell (speaking over the Government's British Broadcasting Corporation) sees his country, "where those who have nominal initiative are perpetually controlled by a civil service that has only a veto and no duty of inauguration and thus acquires a negative psychology, perpetually prone to prohibitions. . . .

"It may be that the present tendencies towards centralization are too strong to be resisted until they have led to disaster, and that, as happened in the Fifth Century, the whole system must break

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down with all the inevitable results of anarchy and poverty before human beings can again acquire that degree of personal freedom without which life loses its savor."

Marshal Tito Gets Religion

SIX months ago the Cominform reprimanded Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia for obstructing the master strategy of world communism. Principally, the disagreement is economic: the Cominform, on Moscow's orders, had ideas of collectivizing Yugoslav farms after the Russian pattern: Tito, however, has ideas of his own about land reform which call, simultaneously, for a Five Year Plan to develop Yugoslav industry. On this, Moscow frowns. Tito's argument is this: to collectivize farms means having fewer people living on an acre of land, since to collectivize is to incorporate small, self-producing tracts into large holdings organized on a mass basis; this process takes considerable capital investment, since the peasant landholders must be moved and new grain and livestock accommodations must be built; and since some of those peasants who formerly lived on the land must now move to the cities, it takes additional capital investment to increase industrial production in the cities sufficiently to afford the incoming peasants means to earn a living.

To get those capital goods for expanding Yugoslav industry, Tito exported to the Eastern communist states raw materials in exchange for industrial equipment. At this point, the Cominform stepped on Tito's toes: Cominform countries cut down oil shipments to Tito, and jumped prices on their industrial products up out of his reach, in an effort to beat Tito's Five Year Plan and to force him out of power in Yugoslavia. Tito's reaction, of course, was simply to shout back that he was a better Marxist than anyone else alive, and no one was going to tell him how to communize his own country.

Russia made the next move: on December 28, she froze Tito further by signing a Yugoslav trade agreement which cuts commerce between the two countries by seven-eighths. As a result of this, Tito now has only one thing to do: to export raw materials to the West in exchange for industrial equipment. Earlier, Britain had already accommodated by signing an export-import agreement totalling $120,000,000 and trade talks are underway now between Yugoslavia and Italy. However, for Tito the big "touch" is yet to be made: ultimately the United States can best give him what he wants.

To trade or not to trade with Tito is an unsavory alternative for us if there ever was one: to trade with him is to prop up just another loud-mouthed, strong-armed dictator; not to trade with him is to play into Moscow's hand by letting Tito die on the limb and watching the Cominform move in. What will be done, no doubt, is to fall back on that convenient compromise of trading with Tito in everything but possible war materiel.

These compromises are really not very comforting to us, since the chances of converting Tito to democracy are about as likely as making Winston Churchill a Bolshevist. In the open war between totalitarian and democratic ideologies, means and ends get more and more complex and distorted by the day. Tito himself, in fact, in his New Year's speech, really got down to this matter of means and ends. "Great things," he said, "can never be built by foul means and in a dishonest way. Great things can be built only in a proper manner and with proper means. We shall always adhere to that principle. . . ."

Well, this pronouncement from the jailer of Archbishop Stepinac is a holy conversion of astounding proportions. It would be all too wonderful now if convert Tito would do some apostolic work over here and tell us how to preserve the honesty and integrity of our own "proper means," commercial and political, toward the end of getting rid of world dictatorship—when the alternatives are Stalin or Tito.

Blow, Blow . . .

FROM relief to recovery is the over-all summing up of the patient's condition after the first year of treatment. The corner has definitely been turned. In four years time, ECA Administrator Paul Hoffman says, if God lends life "Western Europe can be reasonably prosperous." It is no secret, and should be no surprise, that in return for our $4,000,000,000 first instalment, we are more hated than the Russians in the American zones, adored in the Russian areas, and vie and tie with the Russians for first place and prize in unpopularity over the space of land between. As we all learned in our first French reader, the way to win M. Perrichon's daughter is to fall down the glacier, and let him do the rescuing; above all, avoid rescuing *him* at all costs, for the way of the benefactor is far, far harder than that of the transgressor.

One of the chief public relations difficulties in our contacts with Europe is that their attitude to us is simple; ours to them is almost unutterably complex. For them, in war we are the redressers of balance, the gods of, and from, the machine. In peace, the issue for Europeans, is Moscow or Marshall, the devil or the deep, blue sea, and with conscious virtue (as they never cease to remind us) they have, each severally, like Falstaff, plumped for life. For us, Europe is an entanglement, a responsibility, a necessity, a policy, a proof of adult-nationhood, a strategic and military proving ground. We are inextricably involved: upon the success of ECA depends our own export

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market, our standard of living, our American way of life. To avoid a depression and the inevitably subsequent (very) hot war, we must continue the cold. And we find this an unmitigated bore.

Our two prize guinea-pigs are Italy and Austria. Into Italy, even before the Marshall plan, we poured about $2,000,000,000. The machinery for Italo-American administration was set up already by Military Relief. Now the effects are visible: in business recovery, in tariff revision, in shipbuilding programs, in increased production, in currency stabilization, even in creative imagination and in the faces of the people. Austrian exports doubled in 1948, and a particularly hopeful development was the favorable balance in Austria's favor in Austrian-Swiss trade. For most of Austria's trade is with Italy and Switzerland, and this internal, essentially European improvement is a very hopeful sign. Western Germany, too, has gained not only physically but also in morale: Berlin's response to the air-lift, if God give the increase, may be the seed of a beginning of loyalty and even, possibly, of affection. After the long drought and the long dog-house, it is possible that sowing American dollars may produce as harvest a Germany willing and fit for integration into European civilization as well as into the European economy.

These beggared and beaten countries have done better than our allies, Britain and France. And one wonders why? England, that has stabilized her currency and achieved a budget surplus, yet is in a worse dollar situation. Her visible exports to the US are running at a little more than one-third of her imports. And austerity has increased rather than decreased; the coal board has missed its production target by at least 2 million tons, and the Government-owned air-lines are bust. France is still soured and split by her years of collaboration, and her press plays down ERP to a fantastic extent. On the day when the text of the second year's program was issued it was not even mentioned in the Socialist, Communist or Gaullist press. *Figaro* gave it a quarter column; *Combat* two-thirds, and *Aube* one-third. The individual's interest in No. 1 is, in France, so great that so far no government has been able to collect taxes from the peasants, nor to control the black market. In England, all but a Conservative minority are behind the Government; what England does, she does wholly consciously, a nation engaged in every action and statement she makes. France still presents her caesarian triptych; between thirty and thirty-eight percent of her people are communist; the rest, Gaullish or mulish. And one hundred percent are resentful of the two great powers puffing down her neck.

E pur se muove—and still it moves. Still ECA continues to save Europe, and is her only possible salvation. Conditions do not trouble her greatly; in her twenty-five hundred or so years of history, she has known far more chaos and cold war than cooperation and constructive effort. What she does seem instantly and essentially to need, and what no ECA can give her, is a new governing class. Not of birth, nor of industry; for these, when the reckoning came, all failed her, squealed, cooperated, fled. Europe needs leaders in every field of government, leaders who are committedly Europeans, who neither wish to emigrate to America, nor to send their capital nor their children there, for where the treasure is, the heart will be also. That Europe may truly live, she needs a heart, and that her life beat in that heart.

What "Someone Thinks Would Be Nice"

A PARTING blast for 1948 by the *Wall Street Journal* somehow has failed to produce expected reverberations. Yet it was the sort of thing to make anyone blink even on the last real working day of the year.

The lead editorial for December 30 began by comparing the idea of social responsibility on the part of business to the antics of a woman who neglected home, husband and children in order to go about doing the "broader good." Could a happier loose simile be found to plead by implication that true virtue lies in strict laissez-faire?

Here, according to the editor, is the true doctrine: "It is the function of business to produce and distribute things as cheaply and efficiently as possible within the bounds of law and decency, to pay adequate wages and reap a profit which will bring a return to its stockholders and enable the business to renew and improve its facilities for service." But should business create unhappiness all round by selling things below cost, going in for unjustified expansion, or taxing "consumers to put its employes in a favored position as to compensation and pension? . . . playing fast and loose with other people's rights and money. A business which goes about financing the experiments which someone thinks would be nice is not likely to be long in a position to discharge its responsibilities . . ."

That is one way of defining "social responsibility"—resort to an old stratagem of making terms mean whatever you choose. But if labor unions were to approach "responsibility" from an equally restricted viewpoint, would not their program be: ever to extract from employers as much pay for as little work as possible? On this notion that serving one's private interest is all, does not the devil take the hindmost? Such conceptions of responsibility ignore the elements of common interest, the feeling of belonging and cooperation between labor and management which is mutually beneficial. Wall Street is a term which often arouses bitter feelings; yet it is startling to find such an echo there today of the Marxian doctrine of the class struggle.

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Voting Record of Catholics in Congress

Liberal or reactionary? Looking at the record

Dale Francis

"A REACTIONARY force in the United States"—this is a frequent accusation aimed at the Catholic Church by the pseudo-liberals.

Shutting their eyes to the social statements of the American hierarchy, they refuse also to recognize the ever-increasing activity of the American clergy in the cause of labor. Frequently they do not even know of Catholic efforts to fight racial discrimination.

What is more, they say, Catholics are puppets who must follow the leadership of their Church.

Since these charges are frequently made, they are worthy of investigation. And a good way to examine them is to look at the actual record of Catholics in public life. If Catholics are really puppets doing the will of reactionary masters, then their public record will indicate that.

If we examine, for the sake of our study, the record of the 80th Congress, the results may be somewhat startling to these critics. For one thing, Catholics in the Senate and House did not vote with the conservative trend of the 80th Congress. However, the votes of Catholics in the House and Senate *did* take a definite trend. But it was not the reactionary trend that the pseudo-liberals would predict; it was more than twice as liberal as Congress as a whole.

One difficulty in making the survey necessary to substantiate this fact was the problem of determining just who were the Catholics in the Senate and House. The *Congressional Directory* listed not more than a third of them. For the purpose of this survey only those men who listed themselves as Catholics in either the *Congressional Directory* or in *Who's Who In America,* or those we definitely knew were Catholics from other reliable sources, were counted as Catholics. There are at least two other men, one a House member from Ohio, another from New York, who are probably Catholics, but since they did not list themselves as such, we did not count them. Then there was the case of Vito Marcantonio. He designates himself as a Catholic, although he is apparently not much influenced by Catholic social doctrine. However, it would be quite presumptuous of us to exclude him. He remained in the survey as a Catholic.

But who is a liberal, and what is liberal? Since these are not questions on which there is any great agreement, we have decided to use the *New Republic's* definition of what constitutes a liberal vote. This does not necessarily mean that we agree with their designations, but it is just a way to peg the term so that the argument couldn't be used that we chose our own issues and own designations.

New Republic, in presenting their voting chart of the 80th Congress, listed an honor roll of representatives and senators with perfect liberal voting records. There were 30 representatives on that list and 12 of them were Catholics; there were four senators and two of them were Catholics. Fourteen of the 34 perfect records came from Catholics, a pretty fair percentage for a religious group that constitutes not quite 10 percent of Congress. As a matter of fact, this 10 percent made up just 20 percent of the liberal strength of the entire Congress—Catholics in Congress carried double their part of the liberal load.

★

Now there are certain to be explanations of all this—from the very persons who have so loudly claimed that Catholics are a reactionary force. Most of the explanations will say that the Catholics in the House and Senate voted on the liberal side of issues because they came from districts that lean in that direction. They will be right, of course, but that merely brings up another observation. These Catholics in the Senate and the House come, for the most part, from districts that are heavily Catholic. While Catholics do not vote only for Catholics, it is still pretty difficult for a Catholic to be elected in an area where non-Catholics predominate. So if it is true, and it probably is, that the representatives and senators tend to think pretty much as the districts from which they come, it is pertinent to point out that these districts represent Catholic opinion, too.

Take Illinois as an example. Catholic representatives from that state voted 93 percent liberal, yet the vote of all the state's representatives averaged only 33 percent liberal. In New Jersey, Catholic representatives voted 89 percent liberal, while the whole of the state's representation voted

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only 27 percent. In New York, Michigan, and Massachusetts, the record is the same. In Michigan, Catholic representatives make up 23 percent of the total from that state, but they accounted for 63 percent of the total liberal vote. Even in Louisiana, where Catholics hold half of the congressional seats, they form 52 percent of the liberal vote.

The Catholics in the Senate and House come from urban areas, it is true, but then it is in the urban areas that the Catholic population is greatest, and so again they represent a Catholic population. And the more Catholic the population, the higher the percentage of liberal votes.

Actually this analysis is not an attempt to establish the thesis that the Catholic Church is the greatest force for progressive political action in the country. It is simply an effort to put the lie to those persons who claim that Catholics constitute a reactionary force.

The record does that pretty effectively. Wherever there are Catholics, there is a strong liberal trend. The public records of Catholics do demonstrate that Catholic senators and representatives tend to vote in a different direction than their fellow-members, but the direction is not to the right—it is to the left of center.

Rhode Island is a good example of a state in which Catholics prodominate. Catholics make up more than 60 percent of the population of that state, and both of the representatives and one of the senators are Catholics. On 58 issues these four men, representing the state most heavily Catholic in the union, voted 57 times on the liberal side.

Catholics reactionary? Sure, there are Catholics who are reactionary. But the leadership has been consistently progressive. Of course, those persons who think endorsement of birth control and euthanasia and other spurious liberal tags constitute progressivism will never be satisfied with the Catholic position.

★

Voting Records in the Senate

1. Vote against cutting funds for the Marshall Plan counted progressive. Senate voted 65 percent liberal, Catholics in Senate 81 percent.
2. Vote for amendment to DP bill that would eliminate unfairness to Jewish DPs counted progressive. Senate voted 37 percent liberal, Catholics in Senate 90 percent.
3. Vote for extending reciprocal trade agreements for three years counted progressive. Senate voted 46 percent liberal, Catholics in Senate 90 percent.
4. Vote against Portal Pay Bill, vigorously opposed by labor, counted progressive. Senate voted 27 percent liberal, Catholics in Senate 72 percent.
5. Vote against over-riding Truman's veto of the T-H Bill counted progressive. Senate voted 26 percent liberal, Catholics in Senate 72 percent.
6. Vote for an amendment to strengthen the Anti-Inflation Bill counted progressive. Senate voted 38 percent liberal, Catholics in Senate 88 percent.
7. Vote for re-imposing excess profits tax counted progressive. Senate voted 30 percent liberal, Catholics in Senate 60 percent.
8. Vote against over-riding veto of the tax cut law counted progressive. Senate voted 11 percent liberal, Catholics in Senate 40 percent.
9. Vote against exempting railroads from the anti-trust law counted progressive. Senate voted 28 percent liberal, Catholics in Senate 63 percent.
10. Vote for bill to provide federal aid for education counted progressive. Senate voted 73 percent liberal, Catholics in Senate 81 percent.
11. Vote against amendment to require national rent control authorities to be bound by recommendations of local boards counted progressive. Senate voted 64 percent liberal, Catholics in Senate 77 percent.
12. Vote against amendment to kill public housing counted progressive. Senate voted 59 percent liberal, Catholics in Senate 81 percent.
13. Vote against over-riding President's veto of bill limiting social security coverage counted progressive. Senate voted 15 percent liberal, Catholics in Senate 50 percent.
14. Vote for restoring funds to TVA Steam Plant counted progressive. Senate voted 54 percent liberal, Catholics in Senate 90 percent.
15. Vote against plan some claimed intended only to circumvent Supreme Court decision against segregation counted progressive. Senate voted 50 percent liberal, Catholics in Senate 42 percent.

On the 15 issues the Senate voted on the *New Republic*-designated liberal side 33 percent of the time, Catholics in the Senate 71 percent.

There were 11 Catholic senators, one Republican, two Southern Democrats, eight Democrats from the North and West.

★

Voting Records in the House

1. Vote to restore cut of ERP funds counted a progressive vote. Congress voted 83 percent liberal, Catholics in Congress 85 percent.
2. Vote against Republican revision of Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act counted progressive. Congress voted 38 percent liberal, Catholics in Congress 72 percent.
3. Vote against bill banning all portal-to-portal pay suits counted progressive. Congress voted 13 percent liberal, Catholics in Congress 69 percent.
4. Vote against over-riding President Truman's veto of the Taft-Hartley Act counted progressive. Congress voted 20 percent liberal, Catholics in Congress 70 percent.
5. Vote for motion to recommit the conference version

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Senate

SENATE	Cut ERP Funds	Admit Jewish DPs	Extend Reciprocal Trade	Portal-to-Portal Pay	Over-ride T-H Veto	Anti-Inflation Amendment	Revive Excess Profits Tax	Override Tax Cut Veto	Exempt RR Refrom Anti-Trust	Federal Aid to Education	Weaken Rent Control	Kill Public Housing	Restrict Social Security	Funds for TVA Steam Plant	Segregated School Plan
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
McMahon (L) Conn..	+	+	+	+	+	+	—	—	—	+	+	+	+	+	+
Ellender (D) La.....	+	—	+	—	—	+	—	—	—	+	○	+	—	+	—
O'Conor (D) Md.....	+	+	+	—	—	+	—	—	—	—	+	—	—	+	—
Murray (D) Mont....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	+	+	+	○	+	○
McCarran (D) Nev...	+	○	+	+	+	○	+	—	—	+	—	+	○	+	○
Chavez (D) N. Mex...	—	+	+	+	+	○	○	—	—	+	+	+	○	+	○
Wagner (D) N. Y....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Myers (D) Pa.....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	—	+	+	+	—	+	+
McGrath (D) R. I....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	—
McCarthy (R) Wis...	—	+	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	○
O'Mahoney (D) Wyo.	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	+	+	—

House of Representatives

HOUSE	Cut ERP Funds	Extend Reciprocal Trade	Portal-to-Portal Pay	Override T-H Veto	Admit Jewish DPs	Anti-Inflation Amendment	Override Tax Cut Veto	Exempt RR Refrom Anti-Trust	Weaken Rent Control	Funds for TVA Steam Plan	Restrict Social Security	Anti-Poll Tax Bill	Mundt-Nixon Bill	Funds for Thomas Com.
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
McDonough (R) Calif.....	+	—	—	—	+	○	—	—	—	+	—	+	—	—
Gordon (D) Ill.....	+	+	+	+	—	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Goraki (D) Ill.....	+	+	+	+	—	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	—
O'Brien (D) Ill.....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	—
Price (D) Ill.....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Madden (D) Ind.....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Boggs (D) La.....	+	+	○	—	—	+	—	—	+	+	—	—	○	—
Domengeaux (D) La.....	+	—	○	—	—	+	—	—	+	—	○	—	—	○
Hebert (D) La.....	+	—	—	—	—	+	—	—	+	—	—	—	○	—
Larcade (D) La.....	—	—	—	—	—	+	—	—	+	○	—	—	—	—
Meade (D) Md.....	+	—	—	—	—	+	—	○	+	+	—	+	—	—
Donohue (D) Mass.....	+	—	—	+	+	+	—	—	+	+	—	+	+	—
Kennedy (D) Mass.....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	○	—
Lane (D) Mass.....	○	○	+	+	○	+	—	○	+	○	—	+	○	—
McCormack (D) Mass....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	+	+	+	—	—
Bennett (R) Mich.....	—	—	—	○	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	+	—	—
Dingell (D) Mich.....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Lesinski (D) Mich.....	+	+	+	+	—	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Sadowski (D) Mich.....	—	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	+	+	+	+	+
Blatnik (D) Minn.....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	+	+	+	+	+
Devitt (R) Minn.....	+	—	—	—	+	—	—	—	+	—	—	+	—	—
O'Hara (R) Minn.....	—	—	—	—	—	+	—	+	—	—	—	○	○	—
Hart (D) N. J.....	+	+	+	+	—	+	—	+	+	+	+	+	—	—

HOUSE	Cut ERP Funds	Extend Reciprocal Trade	Portal-to-Portal Pay	Override T-H Veto	Admit Jewish DPs	Anti-Inflation Amendment	Override Tax Cut Vote	Exempt RR Refrom Anti-Trust	Weaken Rent Control	Funds for TVA Steam Plan	Restrict Social Security	Anti-Poll Tax Bill	Mundt-Nixon Bill	Funds for Thomas Com.
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Norton (L) N. J.....	○	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Buckley (D) N. Y.....	○	+	+	+	+	○	+	—	+	+	+	+	+	—
Delaney (D) N. Y.....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○
Heffernan (D) N. Y.....	+	+	○	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○
Kearney (R) N. Y.....	+	—	—	—	+	—	—	—	—	—	—	+	○	—
Keogh (D) N. Y.....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	—	+	+	+	+	—	—
Lynch (D) N. Y.....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	+	+	+	+	—
Marcantonio (AL) N. Y...	—	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
O'Toole (D) N. Y.....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	+	+	+	—	○
Pfeifer (D) N. Y	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Rooney (D) N. Y.....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	—	○
Somers (D) N. Y.....	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Feighan (D) Ohio.....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	—
Kirwan (D) Ohio.....	+	+	—	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Eberharter (D) Pa.....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Kelley (D) Pa.....	+	+	+	○	+	+	—	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
McGarvey (R) Pa.....	○	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	+	—	—
Fogarty (D) R. I.....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Forand (D) R. I.....	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Kilday (D) Tex.....	+	○	—	—	—	+	—	+	—	+	—	—	—	—
Brophy (R) Wis.....	+	—	+	+	—	+	—	—	—	—	—	+	—	—
O'Konski (R) Wis.....	—	+	—	—	—	+	—	—	+	+	—	+	—	—

The symbol (+) indicates, in the opinion of the *New Republic,* a progressive vote. Symbol (—) indicates anti-progressive. Symbol (O) indicates absent or not voting.

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of the Displaced Persons Bill, believed discriminatory against Jewish DPs by some, counted progressive. Congress voted 33 percent liberal, Catholics in Congress 65 percent.

6. Votes for a motion to suspend rules to consider an Anti-Inflation Bill counted progressive. Congress voted 48 percent liberal, Catholics in Congress 90 percent.
7. Vote against over-riding veto of the Income Tax Reduction Bill counted progressive. Congress voted 22 percent liberal, Catholics in Congress 60 percent.
8. Vote against over-riding veto of the bill exempting railroads from anti-trust prosecution counted progressive. Congress voted 25 percent liberal, Catholics in Congress 63 percent.
9. Vote against transferring power to raise rents and ceilings from the federal government to local boards counted progressive. Congress voted 40 percent liberal, Catholics in Congress 84 percent.
10. Vote for TVA standby steam plant to supplement hydroelectric power counted progressive. Congress voted 48 percent liberal, Catholics in Congress 79 percent.
11. Votes against a Republican-sponsored bill to exclude certain groups from social security coverage counted progressive. Congress voted 15 percent liberal, Catholics in Congress 63 percent.
12. Votes for the Anti-Poll Tax Bill counted progressive. Congress voted 72 percent liberal, Catholics in Congress 88 percent.
13. Vote against Mundt-Nixon Bill counted progressive. Congress voted 15 percent liberal, Catholics in Congress 61 percent.
14. Vote against voting new funds for the Un-American Committee counted progressive. Congress voted 9 percent liberal, Catholics in Congress 40 percent.

On the 14 issues Congress voted 34 percent of the time in the direction *New Republic* called liberal.

On the same 14 issues the Catholics in the House voted 71 percent of the time liberal.

There were, by our listing, 45 Catholics in the House of Representatives. Of these eight were Republicans, one was American-Labor, six were Southern Democrats, 30 were Northern and Western Democrats.

Facing the Facts

The atomic bomb and the Christian conscience

Clement de Haas

THE ATOMIC bomb represents to us all that is suicidal in our civilization. It has come to be the sign and symbol of the world's predicament. But we should do well to remember that it is a symptom rather than a cause. It makes some of our problems more insistent, certainly; but those problems would still be with us—the world would still be on the brink of disaster—even if what the War Department describes as "man's successful transition to the atomic age" had not yet been made. According to biblical interpretation of history, wars and rumors of wars, and other scourges such as the world has experienced or fears today are signs of God's judgment on the way of life of men and nations. This should not mean that God arbitrarily confounds men's politics by a special fiat, whenever He thinks fit. It means that the moral law which he established in creation cannot be broken with impunity. Breaches of it bring their own retribution—not necessarily upon the worst offenders, but upon the race, because it is a natural law, implicit in the very nature of a rational and political animal; so that when man disregards it, he not only incurs the guilt of disobedience to his Creator, but violates and abuses his own being.

As Cicero said—for this doctrine is pagan as well as biblical—"He who disobeys this law flees from himself and denies his human nature." The frustration and catastrophe that must follow so radical a contradiction convey a judgment upon the past and a warning for the future—a warning that, unless men submit to the law of their own being, there can in the nature of things be no betterment of their condition, but rather confusion worse confounded.

The possibility that cause for going to war may arise is in all our minds. We know by recent experience how great an evil war can be; and we fear that another war might be even more terrible than the last. The question therefore is: could the alternative to war be a greater evil than the evil we know war to be? Or is the only course suited to rational beings to endure anything rather than go to war?

It was Saint Augustine who settled the lines on which moral and international law, too, have proceeded ever since.

He pointed out that peace does not consist in

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the mere absence of war, but in the equilibrium that only justice, goodwill, understanding and order can maintain. When that equilibrium is seriously disturbed by aggression or revolt, the choice to be made lies not between peace and war, but between letting injustice prevail without a struggle and opposing it with the only means possible or available—force.

In some circumstances, therefore, the use of force is the lesser evil, an instrument of justice and the means of peace. "Peace should be your sole object" wrote Augustine to Count Boniface in 429. "War should be waged only in necessity that God may through it deliver men from that necessity and keep them in peace."

In the Middle Ages, the schoolmen, notably Saint Thomas, and in the sixteenth century Vitoria and the Spanish school of theologians, defined more precisely the limits within which war could be just and compatible with natural law.

The import of their work may be summarized thus: sovereign rulers, who had no temporal superior to settle their disputes, were justified in going to war, after exhausting all other means, either in defense of their subjects or dominions or to obtain redress for serious injury. If they did so, they must not seek to destroy the enemy but to compel him to do justice in the matter in question.

They were to confine the ravages of war within the narrowest limits possible, and discriminate between the innocent and guilty and between purely private property on which the enemy state relied for carrying on the war. Such is the conception of a justifiable kind of war, restricted in its cause, its aims and its conduct, that is still to be found in books in Christian moral theology and also, with some modifications made since the Dutchman Grotius, in the recognized textbooks of international law.

But there are those who hold that it is no longer valid. They argue that the destructive power of modern armament is so great, the influence of nationalism so antagonistic to any restriction of aims, and the absorption of whole peoples into the "war effort" so complete, that war today is something quite different from that which the moralists and jurists of a bygone age allowed to be an instrument of justice.

★

Ought the traditional doctrine to be abandoned? I know that Clausewitz needs very careful interpretation and I frankly admit that I find it difficult to see the precise relation between what he says about war as a "continuation of political intercourse, with an admixture of other means" and what he says about "perfect" or "absolute" war. But I think it is correct to say that he regards the perfection of war—that condition towards which by its very nature it always tends—as an unrestricted fight to the death between peoples.

War in its essential nature, according to Clausewitz, is "the perfectly unbridled element of hostility"; and the various limitations to which it has been subjected in practice are purely accidental, and indeed at variance with its essence.

That surely is the conception people have in their minds when they tell us that what we now call "total" war is inescapable, and that to try to impose limitations upon it is like Canute trying to halt the incoming tide. If this is true—if war is essentially and properly an all-out struggle between peoples—then by definition it is incompatible with natural law. It cannot serve justice, or make for peace because it is intrinsically irrational. Absolute war is contrary to all reason. The Clausewitzian conception demands pacifism as its corollary.

If war were what Clausewitz said it was, the question whether atomic bombs and suchlike are legitimate weapons or not could not arise; but if we conclude that war may be just or unjust, then it is necessary to ask what methods of warfare are compatible with justice.

There is an obvious objection that may be raised to my attempt to apply traditional doctrine to modern circumstances. Granted that just war is a theoretical possibility, is there any prospect at all that a future war—or to be more specific, the war which statesmen are now struggling to avert—would not be "total" and unrestricted?

What can be said with assurance is this: if men will not regard the dictates of reason in this matter, if they persist in unrestricted aims and methods, war may very well mean the end of civilization.

If I have succeeded at all in facing you with the Christian attitude towards the present situation, your complaint may be that Christianity does not offer the world a very constructive policy.

Christianity cannot help the world exclusively on the world's own terms, but it has something important to offer to all those who are willing to receive it: the art to live in a world like this, or what a friend recently very aptly termed, "the secret of how to live without a future."

Just because the hope of Christianity lies not in history, but in an act of God which brings history to an end—the creation of a new heaven and a new earth—it supplies an antidote to the paralysis which is apt to beset men when they lose faith in a better world.

It enables its disciples to apply themselves with vigor to the job in hand even in the most unpromising situations, even—if I may say so—under the shadow of the atomic bomb.

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Escape from the Grinding Gears

From the city to the land

NORMAN McKENNA

FROM WHAT has been said in THE COMMONWEAL debate about whether industrialism can be Christianized, I think there can be extracted and stated a more basic problem: how can we decentralize urban families, and insure them a livelihood fairly free from the more damaging gears of industrial capitalism?

My point of departure is the now generally accepted warning that American society badly needs to be better distributed. Both Catholic and secular sociologists say so, the former offering arguments which should be compelling to those looking beyond temporal benefits. Catholic urban families are declining in size; Catholic urban life is cribbed and confined more and more by industrial capitalism.

In industrial cities, the family head is tied to an assembly line; in cities like New York, family heads are tied not to factories, but to national offices of big corporations, banks, insurance firms, publications and other white collar work places. But whether family heads work on assembly lines or in offices in Radio City or facing Boston Common, they are all integral parts of industrial capitalism. It is no simple matter to separate them from industrialism; their whole urban existence is tied up in various links of the mass production chain. The auto worker, for example, turns out a car he cannot afford to buy. He goes into debt to buy it; he decides he needs a refrigerator, washing machine and any number of expensive appliances. These he willingly buys—continuing in debt—in the apparent, but seldom stated purpose of buying his independence from the very system in which and on which he lives. Once surrounded by durable goods, he will, he thinks, stand firmly on independent ground.

But the instalment plan maze has no exit—there seems to be no end of durable goods to buy and there are few restrictions to the debt the worker is invited to assume.

Yet the durable goods he acquires are durable neither in quality nor in investment value. They are subject to repossession if not paid for in time, while as soon as they are put to use they begin to deteriorate and the large capital investment they represent dwindles away in repairs or more drastically in the purchase of new models because parts for the old have been withdrawn from the market. This is not to deny the convenience of a washing machine, but rather to point out that the real value of such appliances is not the long-term investment the worker usually thinks it is.

A more graphic example of a vanishing investment is the home bought by the worker in an industrial city. Through loans and mortgages the worker moves into a house which he cannot call his own for 20 years or more. He must discharge the debt and meet maintenance and repair costs. Meanwhile the industrial city, dependent on over-expanding production, thrusts its factories and heavy transportation into residential areas. In far less than 20 years the home-owner may find himself in a depressed factory district, blighted not only by big industry, but also by enterprising neighbors who have thrown up cinderblock tool and die shops on street corners.

It is true that appliances deteriorate in farm homes, and so do dwellings—there is yet this difference: the rural homesteader is maintaining a home which can be expected to last his lifetime and he is in no danger of having his home-area transformed into a blighted district.

But how is the urban worker to be changed into a non-urban worker who makes the elements and their products yield a livelihood, or the means of a livelihood? (The means could be, for example, hides for processing, wheat to be milled, fruit to be pressed or preserved—not in a city factory, but in a rural co-op.) Obviously there should be waiting for the urban worker, or quickly to be developed, some rural or semi-rural means of livelihood.

There *must* be, because industrialism is the core of our society; it is a social theory and practice, and there simply is no point in talk of emancipation from industrialism except in terms of emancipating the many, not the few.

It is a good thing that a few Catholic families have cut their roots in the cities to establish themselves on their own farms or in Catholic Worker communities. But the transplanting of a *few* families from our teeming cities is not decentralization. It is, however, a good movement which can possibly lead to a large scale decentralization, insofar as the newly-established ruralites are but recent urbanites.

In a decentralization and an emancipation of the *masses* or even some workers from industrialism, it would seem that the function of the Catholic ruralite would be the development of parochial communities on the land—thus providing a place into which, or *near* which, the urban worker could move. But not to achieve a sectarian isolation by forming communities in which *only* Catholics are welcome. Calling all Catholics into one corner of the terrain for their personal sanctification is not social reconstruction at all. We have a duty in charity to bring into our society the revivifying spirit of Christianity. The way the Catholic Rural Life Conference does in fostering Christian family life on the land—which includes a prudent weighing of livelihood possibilities.

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How does one persuade the urbanite to consider the rural or semi-rural community? Which urbanites are most susceptible to a brief for subsistence farming—putting aside the question of all-out farming?

The answer is a paradox—the people who could build the best parochial community outside the city are those most needed in the city—the lay persons most deeply engaged in urban apostolates.

The ACTU, for example, was born in New York's

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tenement district to meet a city problem of bringing Christian influence into unions. Catholic interracial councils now doing noble work in so many places started with a grasp of a problem seen in its worst aspects in the city. The Cana conference movement also began in a city.

What about decentralization as a solution to many urban problems? Some, notably in the Cana movement, prompt the laity they reach to give serious thought to moving out of the city. But many feel they cannot lead in a move from the city lest that move be for them, personally, a flight. In reforming their own milieu they are carrying on basic Catholic Action. Let him go who can, let him stay who feels he must.

In weighing the feasibility of making a change, the objective would be, not the oversimplified one of attempting to change urban lathe hands or white collar workers into farmers, but rather of bringing family heads to consider non-urban possibilities. Not only jobs, but suitable living sites, churches, schools, doctors and like necessities readily available in the city.

The urban study groups would best be comprised of young family heads with pre-school age children—fathers who would be able and willing to change jobs, to work where income would be admittedly lower than in the city. Professional workers would have to accept the smaller, lower-paying careers and practices of non-urban communities. Such reduction in income would have to be compensated for by concurrent reduction in living costs.

Some subsistence farming, even garden farming, should be contemplated. Such small scale farming would be one of the factors intended to ease the transition from complete urbanization to partial ruralization. Since subsistence farming presupposes another, and major source of income, the factory worker might well find this in small workshops in small towns. Even now Detroit's residential areas are dotted with tool and die shops which could be run just as well in the country. Co-op enterprise could take care of transportation of raw materials and distribution of finished products.

★

These considerations are cited not as solutions to all problems, but as indications that investigation will reveal that many factory workers could and would leave the city if the problems of rural livelihood were faced honestly. And let us remember that the family head is not morally free to exchange a decent living in the city for a precarious existence on the land. One does not impose heroic virtue on a mother and children—something often forgotten by certain zealous agrarians. The urban family head is understandably annoyed by rave descriptions of the spiritual advantages of rural life by enthusiasts who cannot define the possibilities of rural livelihood.

Supposing the urbanite does find a likely subsistence homestead and work in a small town shop; he will still be caught in the gears of industrial capitalism until he moves his financial operations from the dangerous core of the system to its safer periphery. This he can do by saving and borrowing money only through a credit union (preferably parochial), by buying and selling only through a co-op.

The switch from all-out capitalist financing had best begin in the city by an educational membership in whatever co-ops and credit unions are available. The next step should be co-op purchasing of land and construction materials and co-op construction, too, if possible.

The basic factor in all this re-orientation would have to be a spiritual one. The urban study club would have to impart an appreciation of parochial community life centered about the altar. Here is work for the liturgical apostolate.

The object is to free not a *few,* but *many* families from the grinding gears of industrial capitalism. Perhaps the best check on enthusiasms about finding ways out for the few is to recall that the objective of Christian social reconstruction is changing *all* of society, not just segments of it. Neither the agrarian nor the Actist can do the whole job alone; the possibilities of combined efforts are certainly worth weighing.

The Moment After Suffering

Time's cupped hands hold
No place so lenient, so calm as this,
The moment after suffering; it is like
A sunlit clearing after densest wood,
Bright by antithesis.
One sits upon a stump to get one's bearing
And to admire such evidence of day.
Thicket and tangle, creatures of the darkness
Obscurely take their leave and slink away.
One feeds upon a succulent rich wisdom
That to the mind's surprise has naught to do
With late abjection; it is revelation
God-fathered, heaven-new.
Oh, there are woods, of course—long forest stretches
Of wide inhabited darkness to be crossed,
Hunger and pain, the stir of unnamed creatures,
An imminent certainty of being lost.
But even that eludes this meditation
Or if intrusive brings yet more release.
One muses as to what it will be like
To step at last from final forest into
The infinite meadows of unending peace,
A place all light and yet not lighted by
The harsh obtrusive sun that walks our sky,
Light that the soul assimilates until
Not witness but participant it stands,
Taking of Godhead its amazing fill.

JESSICA POWERS.

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CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS

The Catholic Press in France

New York, 1/5 (CIP)—Eighty-two per cent of the newspapers and magazines published in Paris after the liberation have been forced to give up. In the provinces, 39% of the newspapers and 62% of the periodicals that first appeared in the post-war period have closed their offices. Against this tide of failure, the Catholic press is struggling to hold its almost ten million subscribers throughout France with 3,500 different publications, running the gamut from small bulletins to large dailies. Faced with prospects of further cost increases in paper, printing, and transport, the position of the Catholic press has been termed "precarious" by the Catholic Information Center in Paris, which has just completed a survey.

Considering the wartime suspension of most newspapers and magazines, the Catholic press in France is outstanding for the number of its publications and its combined circulation. In a country of approximately 41 million persons, with between 30 and 35 million Catholics, one Catholic paper or periodical is sold for about every three Catholics. In the United States, where Catholics number over 25 million in a population of 145 million persons, the circulation of the more than 400 Catholic publications is approximately half as large as the Catholic population.

These relative statistics show the breadth of the Catholic press in France. Most Catholic publications were prohibited during the Nazi occupation. When the lid was taken off, readers eagerly bought copies of the first papers permitted free publication. Thousands of large and small periodicals soon appeared to meet the demand. However, the initially high circulation of many new Catholic and secular publications dropped off as the traditional French newspapers like *Le Figaro,* and *L'Epoque* reappeared, and new journals like *Le Parisien Libéré, Franc-Tireur* and *Combat* captured the imagination of the French.

Inflation helped bankrupt many of the new publications, both Catholic and non-Catholic; the price of newsprint alone rose from 10,000 francs per ton in 1944, to 32,500 francs in March, 1948, and is expected to reach 44,000 francs per ton. Wages, particularly in the printing trades, followed the same pattern.

Despite competition and increased costs, the Catholic press has managed to hang on to about 3,500 publications. These range in size from bulletins to large dailies, and from small brochures to illustrated magazines. In addition to daily and weekly news coverage, many of these are devoted to the needs of special movements and organizations. There are now publications specializing in art, labor, theology, philosophy, missions, liturgy, education, rural life, charity, sports, books, youth, pilgrimages and prayer, to give a few examples. One Catholic daily newspaper appears in Paris, *La Croix,* with a circulation of 153,000. Special regional editions of *La Croix* are published on a weekly basis throughout France. Catholic weekly newspapers, national in scope, exert considerable influence. Among these are *Témoignage Chrétien* and *La Vie Catholique Illustrée.* In the magazine field, *La Vie Intéllectuelle, Les Etudes* and *Rythmes due Monde* hold influential positions.

The Catholic daily newspaper, *La Croix,* is not as influential as the secular papers appearing in Paris. It ranks thirteenth in circulation among the seventeen Paris dailies. Three of the morning papers are edited in part by Catholics, and have large Catholic audiences. These are *Le Figaro*, nominally independent, but practically de Gaullist, which leads the morning newspapers with a circulation of 369,135; *L'Epoque,* which is twelfth in circulation among the morning papers (93,316), and supports the conservative Republican Liberty Party; and *L'Aube,* seventeenth in circulation (82,241), the principal organ of the Popular Republican Movement (M.R.P.), Christian Democratic in policy. Of the morning newspapers, *L'Humanité,* the Communist daily, is second in circulation (357,361). These circulation figures are based on the number of copies printed. Since Catholic papers are usually sold on a subscription basis, their percentage of unsold copies is much lower than that of most other papers.

One of the evening papers, *Le Monde,* is edited in part by Catholics and has a wide Catholic audience. *Le Monde,* which is often compared to the *New York Times* and the London *Times,* prints 170,166 copies.

The majority of Catholic publications devoted to special groups and interests are circulated outside of Paris. Sustaining 3,500 of them in light of the high percentage of publication failures since the war's end, and the continually rising costs of production, has become a major task. Viewing this situation, the Catholic Information Center comments: "If numerous failures are to be avoided among Catholic publications in the future, small journals must combine with the large publications, and a joint service worked out among them."

Imprisoned Rumanian Bishops Stress "Unshakable Loyalty to Catholic Unity"

Rome, 12/23 (CIP)—Shortly before their imprisonment by the pro-Communist Rumanian Government, five Rumanian Catholic Bishops of the Eastern Rite addressed a letter of protest to Prime Minister Petru Groza, it has just been revealed. In this letter, the Bishops, representing all dioceses of the Eastern Rite in the country, declared that they would never recognize the forced "merger" of the Greek Rite Catholic Dioceses with the Rumanian Orthodox Church. They protested against the large scale persecution of priests and laymen who opposed the "merger."

"In the name of our clergy and of the faithful entrusted to our care," the letter stated, "as well as in our own name, we declare that we are firmly determined to remain pastors and sons of the One Church of Jesus Christ, that we maintain unshakable loyalty to Catholic unity as it has been instituted by God, the Creator of the Universe, who also has given us our mission. In doing this, we are deeply convinced that in this Church, to the service of which we are devoted for life or death, we are also serving the best interests of our people and our country, as we have done up to now."

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Communications

THE ACTU AND ITS CRITICS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: I was surprised at Father Kelly's article (COMMONWEAL, Dec. 31) defending the ACTU against my alleged attacks. I have always favored the ACTU and, what is more, *Catholic Social Action* indicates my leanings.

Father Kelly asserts that I pass over lightly the virtues of ACTU and concentrate upon its faults. After reading over the chapter in question, I feel the reverse to be true. Perhaps, in good trade union fashion, we need an arbitrator to decide the issue. Would some COMMONWEAL readers volunteer for the task?

As an objective reporter, I did note that some Catholics disagree with the theory of ACTU. *Fortune* also observed this fact in its current issue. My sources were priests and laymen who, like Father Kelly, have distinguished themselves in the field of Catholic social action. Undoubtedly I could secure their permission to quote them, if this would be helpful.

ACTU has compiled a record of notable achievements. It will not suffer from the noting of honest differences of opinion.

Rev. JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

Detroit, Mich.

TO the Editors: It was with a great deal of interest that I read George A. Kelly's "The ACTU and Its Critics," inasmuch as the criticisms mentioned therein parallel my own experiences.

Approximately two years ago the ACTU here in Detroit sponsored a series of lectures on *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*. These were delivered by two priests well known in Detroit as authorities on labor matters, and Paul Weber. The first three or four were well attended by a large group of Catholic laymen, consisting of lawyers, doctors, businessmen and some factory workers, but toward the end the number began to dwindle until at last only a half dozen or so of the original forty or fifty remained.

I was very curious, as you can well imagine, to discover why so many had failed to complete this series of lectures, and I went around and questioned some of them. They gave me the following reasons: "They're too radical. They insist on the rights of the laborers only and forget the other side. They're stooges for the CIO and AFL, etc."

I was quite surprised by these answers because to my way of thinking the lecturers followed the Pope's language and recommendations quite closely and appeared to me to be fair to both sides in their attempts to solve the vexing economic questions that harass us. In my opinion, the reason that these criticisms were made is that many of these men, like the other Catholics in our country, are satisfied to let things remain as they are. They are so intent on enjoying the material pleasures offered by our society that they forget the many injustices, the lack of charity and the secularistic atmosphere so prevalent in modern America. The fact that ACTU has been criticized is to me a good indication that it is making good progress in awakening the dormant consciences of Catholics.

SAMUEL J. TORINA.

As Others See It

Genuinely Christian Art

THE Liturgical Arts Society is currently presenting an exhibition of religious sculptures which includes the following artists: Janet deCoux, Erwin F. Frey, George Kratina, Henry Kreis, Oronzio Maldarelli, Ivan Mestrovic, Suzanne Nicolas, Henry Rox, Helene Sardeau and Charles Umlauf—at the Demotte Gallery, 39 East 51st Street in New York (January 12 to February 10). In explaining the purpose of this exhibit to the press, the Society made the following summary of its point of view:

> It is a truism that past ages produced great art for the Church. We have often heard, ad nauseam, the plaint that the Church today does not seem to inspire great art or encourage artists.
>
> Plaints, criticism, continual harping back to past glories in art, represent that negative attitude which has too long stymied any constructive efforts to effect those changes so ardently desired by so many.
>
> We need a change of heart in these matters, a change of mind which can lead to that atmosphere in which the artist can function properly through an amiable understanding with his potential client—the clergy.
>
> We need to clear the air of the miasma of indifference and particularly of that confusion which is engendered by invidious comparisons between the past and the present. This confusion becomes more deadly when the spectre of so-called 'modern art' haunts those who fear the present as much as they seem to misunderstand the past.
>
> We need to realize that tradition is a dynamic force which can, and does, vitalize the work of artists who, conscious of their God-given talent, seek to develop their creative potentialities to the fullest extent. Tradition is a chain to which we must add our own links. There is no need to play the sterile game of polishing the links of the past.
>
> Among the many fallacies we encounter regarding the sad state in which religious art finds itself in our times is that which claims that we suffer from a lack of competent artists. On the contrary, the artists willing and anxious to work for the Church surround us on every side; unfortunately too few of them have been granted a hearing and many, through the pressure of daily necessity of life, drift into more commercial and profitable occupations.
>
> This statue project represents an attempt to bridge the gap between the artist and the clergy. It will be successful to the extent that both groups are willing to study and appreciate the legitimate requirements of the other.

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The Stage & Screen

The Madwoman of Chaillot

ALL IN ALL, I think it is just to say that a hopeless season has been saved by Alfred de Liagre's production of Jean Giradoux's delightful Morality. It now remains to be seen whether the play itself can be saved for, and by, a *whole* audience; whether all those people whom Broadway no longer serves (has, in fact, never served), can somehow be reached and persuaded to attend. On the part of this column, I should like to convince both the old and the children, and even the merely grown-up, that here, at long last, is a sensible enchantment.

The story—mounted in wonderful soaring Christian Bérard settings, and lit with an accurate aqua-gold light—presents a large number of conflicting people. (It may be as well to explain here that "Chaillot" is a name for one of the most fashionable sections of Paris, and that Giradoux's heroine is based on an authentic woman.) The Countess Aurelia, an ancient, ancient lady, inhabits a cellar below the Café Francis in the Place d'Alma. Here she lives, cherished by the small people of the district: her vagaries are protected, her visions are shared, and her goodness is returned by the Waiters, the Waitresses, the Peddlers, the Street Singers, the Flower Girls, the Entertainers, and the Ragpicker. When, however, she is at last confronted by the wickedness of the world, when she learns that a Prospector, a President, a Broker, and a Director are planning to excavate the city in a search for oil to continue War, she feels forced to act. Summoning her sister Madwomen—of Passy, St. Sulpice, La Concorde—she holds a trial: a verdict is rendered, and by a simple ruse, and with the aid of the King of the Sewers, all of the Moneymen are skilfully introduced into her own secret sewer forever.

It is, unfortunately, impossible to describe all the charming details by which this fable is accomplished: the affair of the feather boa, the affair of the little dog, the affair of the Deaf Mute, the affair of President Wilson, the affair of Albert Bertaut. I imagine, for most sensitive people, it will be enough to say that this is a story of ultimate France. And of grace.

It is also unfortunate to have to admit that there are difficulties to be encountered in an American production. The first of these concerns translation. I have no doubt that Maurice Valency's adaptation is faithful to the words and to the spirit of the original. And certainly the spirit does shine through. But the problem is a technical one and has to do with *rhythm* rather than words. It is the same problem which has boxed every English translator of Pirandello from way back. These long speeches, which will flow in French or in Italian, simply do *not* flow in English; they jerk. And inevitably they are accompanied by jerking gesticulation. Mr. de Liagre has cast Martita Hunt—the fascinating British character-actress—in the lead, and it must be conceded that Miss Hunt's clipped enunciation adds even more unfamiliar

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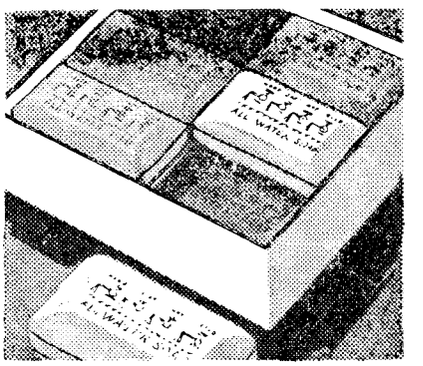

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staccato to the lines, and to her fellow-players' delivery. I think Mr. de Liagre's task was not to have sought a plain translator, but rather a librettist—a librettist of rhythms rather than notes, so that all could have been orchestrated correctly—actions and speeches—and the tempo of the whole varied and built toward the climax. That this process would involve considerable cutting and rearrangement is perfectly true. But I am convinced the result would thereby be paced in a manner more familiar and more dramatic to an American view.

For my part, the present arrangement is irresistible enough. The lovely Bérard costumes add as much point as does his set. There are entrancing musical interludes by Albert Hague and Alexander Haas. And (saving only the fact that they all appear too young), the Madwomen of Estelle Winwood, Nydia Westman, Doris Rich, and certainly Miss Hunt, are superb.

To conclude: this is necessarily, importantly, luckily, to be seen. (*at the Belasco*)

The Victors

THE works (opera omnia) of Jean Paul Sartre have recently been placed on the Index by the Church. A review of The Victors *by M. Sartre appears here for the information of those who are generally interested in the theatre. A New York closing date of January 22 has already been announced for this play.*

BARRING only its sadism, I will inscribe the most recent Sartre as the silliest. It is true that a ticket-mix has prevented me so far from attending the author's other current offering, *Red Gloves,* so that no comparisons are possible. But this exposition of the inner and actual tortures of four members of the French Resistance at the point of death—at death's point, one might better say—is technically, dramatically inept. And it becomes apparent that the philosophy involved is equally clumsy. I should say the nihilism embraced by the author (perhaps all nihilism), is dependent upon a reversal of convention. Where violence is not allowed the stage, M. Sartre supplies it; where action is dramatically useful, he prevents it; where character would further our experience, he splits and diffuses it. The process differs from iconoclasm in that M. Sartre claims to have never an image in mind; although I think he has always an audience in mind, and therefore a convention to break. But this game becomes eventually only a game and, in spite of W. H. Auden, I think art is not this. Two very good actors—Florida Friebus and Alexander Scourby—add something to the shambles of the evening. What they have to say, I feel, will only bemuse you and interfere with your knowledge of history. (*at New Stages Theatre*)

Make Way for Lucia

PLEASE DON'T. By statistical count, eleven years ago I had the pleasure of having tea with E. F. Benson in Henry James's garden on Mermaid Street in Rye, Sussex. I fed the tortoise a lettuce leaf, I looked into the summer-house hung with paintings, I climbed the strangely wall-papered stairs, and we talked. I think if he were alive to tell, Mr. Benson would agree that the *real* count of this incident would be one-hundred-and-eleven years ago. I think, if he were alive, Mr. Benson would have prevented this incredible adaptation of his simple stories concerning a lisping widow in a provincial English town in the year 1912. I think, if he were alive, Mr. Benson would be remarking our current revolution and writing for or against it, with point. Certainly no one, in this column at least, has ever accused the Theatre Guild nor Mr. John Van Druten of being alive at any time; but of course, these two are very, very rich and can afford to experiment. Nevertheless, I feel you should know that their current, expensive, ridiculous effort is not to be supported, nor understood. (*at the Cort*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

One Man's Meat

SELECTION of the year's ten best films always makes a critic squirm a bit, not only because ten is such an arbitrary number, but also because it is so difficult to say why one film, which may have many flaws, is still better than another. Seldom is a movie like a pure gem, flawless in every department. But since consistent readers of a review column are entitled to know where their critic stands, particularly if they are likely to continue reading his column for another year, I am naming the films I preferred above all others during 1948. I don't limit myself to *the ten,* and I don't say that these are *the best.* But here are the pictures I found better than most during the past year:

Foreign Language Films

Farrebique—for its extraordinary photography and its simple story of one year on a French farm.

Monsieur Vincent—for its great understanding in conveying the problems met by Vincent de Paul and for Pierre Fresnay's fine portrayal of a reformer-ahead-of-his-times who was both a man and a saint.

Paisan—for Roberto Rossellini's direction of this Italian film that dared to portray war realistically.

Symphonie Pastorale—for the good acting, photography and deft handling, in spite of the ending, of this adult story.

Day of Wrath—for the first-rate production and direction of Carl Dreyer and the moving performances of a Danish cast in an exceptionally beautiful picture of 17th-century witchcraft.

English Films

Hamlet—for Lawrence Olivier's imaginative production of this masterpiece, for the good cast throughout and for Shakespeare's poetry which was essentially the starting point for this top-notch movie.

Red Shoes—for capturing, in spite of a mediocre story,

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the spirit of the entire field of ballet—an art that the cinema medium usually muffs.

Mine Own Executioner—for being one of the best in the current trend of films about psychology.

American Films

The Search—for its moving, expertly filmed story about a mother and son searching for each other in war-torn Europe, for Fred Zinnemann's direction and for the high quality of the acting of an international cast.

Louisiana Story—for Robert Flaherty's fine direction of a simple story about a boy in the swamp country.

Joan of Arc—for its magnificent pageantry and for its inspiring themes.

The Pearl—for the beautiful photography of this Mexican movie that put over a message in spite of Steinback's muddled story.

Treasure of the Sierra Madre—for John Huston's excellent direction of a good cast in a very human story about greed, and for Walter Huston's first-rate performance.

Johnny Belinda—for its making an ordinary melodrama into a handsome and compassionate movie, and for several sincerely moving performances, especially that of Jane Wyman.

The Snake Pit—for Anatole Litvak's expert handling of this unusual story about a woman in a mental institution and for Olivia de Havilland's wonderful acting in this difficult rôle.

Enchantment—for Samuel Goldwyn's beautiful production and for John Patrick's skilful handling of the time equation in his script based on Rumer Godden's novel.

Fighting Father Dunne—for Pat O'Brien's performance as a St. Louis priest in one of the year's best B pictures.

The Time of Your Life—for its good, all-around cast and for at least attempting to do something different by making a film out of Saroyan's sentimental philosophizing.

Everyone, of course, will have his own favorite among the year's pictures; perhaps yours is not even mentioned above. I could name more: *The Mating of Millie* and *Sitting Pretty* for being good light comedies that gave a great deal of pleasure; *Rope* and *The Big Clock* for being well-directed thrillers that gave some nervous scares in spite of not-too-healthy themes; *Call Northside* 777 and *The Naked City* for their good direction and for continuing the effective semi-documentary trend in realistic crime studies. But this list has to stop somewhere; from this point on, you name your own bests. And let's hope 1949 gives us as good a crop—or much, much better.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books

Japan Diary. Mark Gayn. Sloane. $4.00.
New Dawn In Japan. Everett F. Briggs. Longmans. $2.75.

THE FIRST of these is a somewhat belated publication of an American journalist's experiences in the Far East between November, 1945, and May, 1947. It originated from extensive letters written to his wife in America. When she rejoined him in Tokyo, the habit of diary-keeping remained.

The diary is very suitable form for intimate personal impressions because it retains changing attitudes towards a new country and the growing affinity for its landscape and people. Unfortunately there is very little Oriental atmosphere in Mr. Gayn's diary; I know both Japan and Korea and I find almost nothing of their specific atmospheres, and nothing of the beauty of these countries nor of the rhythm of their daily life in the more than 500 pages of this book. This eyewitness report does not face the peculiar traits; it is mostly concerned with the men of the American occupation army and their success in re-educating the Japanese. There are only a few stories of human interest in the whole book; the author deals with political problems mostly without touching on the human background. Diaries on merely political matters often become repetitious and boring.

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The book is full of criticism of our Japanese and Korean policies and is written with a certain bias against General MacArthur. It also finds fault with most men around him. Mark Gayn ignores the fact that in the world struggle between the Soviet Union and the Western World our actions in foreign countries cannot be measured only by standards of interior policy. In erecting a wall against the expansion of Communism, we have to use those forces abroad which have the greatest anti-Communist vitality, whether these forces completely conform to our American ideals or not. Like many American correspondents, Mark Gayn underestimates the effects of tradition on the present potentialities of a nation. I thought that even the adversaries of MacArthur have learned, by now, that using the Japanese Emperor in our political scheme was one of our best ideas. But Gayn is still resentful of the man whom he enjoys calling "Charlie" and whom he treats with the shallow arrogance our pinks developed during the first months after our conquest.

Again and again Mr. Gayn tries to convince us that the efforts of our military government had meager results and that Japan lives in chaotic conditions due to the blunders of our Government. The growing exports of the Japanese prove that such an eyewitness report must be very one-sided. There are even passages in the diary which contradict this general tendency, for instance this note: "Tokyo was an unbelievable mess a year ago. I remember how depressed I felt for months, watching the people trying to recover from the shock. Then, suddenly, the construction began. I have been watching a mountain of rubble along one side of the Ginza. As new lots were cleared and more buildings were erected the mountain rose. But it was also pushed back to make room for new construction. They have now pushed it all the way to the canal where it towers three or four times the height of my jeep. By next year, they will have to load it on barges and take it out, for there is no more space to push it into."

Of course, there are plenty of detailed facts to be gleaned from this book. But they are always in danger of being viewed through eyes more critical than constructive.

In Japan Mr. Gayn admits at least a measure of democratic procedure, and a show of concern for public welfare. In Korea, where he traveled extensively, he misses even these features. He writes as if the world struggle with the Soviet Union were only fiction and our sole task in Korea were to bring democratic reforms to the country. It is absurd to look at our task in Korea under this aspect just as it would be absurd to judge our German policy only from this angle.

★

FATHER EVERETT FRANCIS BRIGGS, M.M., a Bostonian, lived in Japan for more than a decade as a missionary, a teacher and, after Pearl Harbor, as a prisoner-of-war. Now repatriated and the Vice Rector of Maryknoll Junior College in Lakewood, N. J., he has written a book on the life of Christ in the Japanese language and now this book in English on Catholic success and failure in Japan.

In spite of Japan's material degradation, Father Briggs is convinced that the nation is well prepared for spiritual emancipation and that nobody is better fitted for doing missionary work in the conquered country than the American victors. In the eyes of the descendants of the Samurai Americans are a great people, if for no other reason than that they have succeeded in defeating them. But at the same time, the author asserts, Americans are regarded by them as a decent people, because the victors were not the vengeful monsters they had expected.

Among the missionary personnel of the Catholic Church there were before the war only 61 Americans, but 201 Germans, 172 French, 122 Canadians and 96 Italians. Now more apostolic laborers from the United States should join the mission of Japan, especially in the poor hinterlands, where the downtrodden people are so easily seduced by Communist propaganda. Father Briggs is convinced that there is a great spiritual hunger in Japan and that the masses will be best impressed by our missionaries, as this country has assumed the chief burden of their regeneration.

Without prejudice toward the martyrdom suffered by Christians in the past and the modest results of former efforts (there were in 1939 only 120,000 Catholics among a Japanese population of more than 75 millions), Father Briggs encourages young Catholics to work for the Christian rejuvenation of Japan: "a rapprochement more genuinely sincere and enduring than that which was forced upon us by the cosmic violence of the atom bomb."

The greatest menace to Japan's development as a Christian democracy is, according to Father Briggs, not the resurgence of the conservative element, but Stalinist propaganda. Not long ago 70 percent of all the literature on sale in some of Japan's great cities was communistic.

To be a true democracy or a Soviet vassal state are the two possibilities facing the Japanese people. If Communism should triumph in Japan, it will not stop there. Therefore, Father Briggs admonishes us to curb the dissatisfaction of Japanese labor. We have to develop social initiative and persistent activity by practical social justice and economic assistance. The Japanese people are religious at heart: impressing them by Christian generosity may bring a good harvest. This is the hopeful overtone of an informative and readable book.

MAX FISCHER.

Born 1925. *Vera Brittain. Macmillan.* $3.50.

IT IS NOW 1949, and the generation which Gertrude Stein called "lost" and for which Miss Brittain herself spoke so ably in *Testament of Youth,* has now produced its successors. Adolescent sons will always resent their fathers, but if this newest generation, about to lose its pimples and enter its own quarter-century of history and definition, has been particularly surly, it is not remarkable. Father and son have perhaps never before been born into such utterly disjunct worlds. The father began in a late Edwardia where everything from the bedroom commode to international alliances were made to last, and emerged from a world war into an epoch of open violence, uncertainty, and broken images. The son, on the other hand, "born 1925," has seen the earth from his earliest awareness as "a place without security, as a nightmare planet," and adapted himself to take crisis and an emergency air for granted. The nostalgia, the anxiety, the desperation of the father have therefore seemed excessive, fustian, and weak to the son, and it is their con-

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flict that Miss Brittain has undertaken to dramatize in her latest novel.

Son of a substantially landed British family, Robert Carbury comes out of World War I with a Victoria Cross and an "intolerable burden" of guilt. In his single-handed destruction of a German machine-gun nest, he sees only another of the shirkings of consciousness which have produced the hysteria around him. He enters the Anglican ministry and becomes a pacifist. Through the two hectic decades to follow, he rises to national leadership with his Builders of Jerusalem movement, endures calumny and abuse when a militant England finds his public stand incompatible with its anti-fascist war, and finally, having struggled and suffered to his fullest capacity and consciousness, dies on VE Day. This however with no sympathy from his growing son Adrian, whose contempt is coldly revealed when he asks why, instead of the B.O.J., his father's movement has not called itself the B.O.S.H.

Adrian, of course, is neither insensitive nor deliberately callous. He is simply of the generation whose instinct has been to conceal its vulnerabilities and toughen itself to survive anything. Serving at eighteen in a dangerous bomb demolition crew during the "Little Blitz," he regards his father's strife and martyrdom as almost an indulgence. "One doesn't make such a fuss." It is only after the war and Robert's death, when he is twenty-three and serving with the occupation forces in shattered Germany, that Adrian grows into an understanding of his father's point of view. And with this widening perspective he has arrived at what we call maturity. Reaction is over; action, Adrian's own, must now begin.

ROBERT PHELPS.

The Road to Reason. By Lecomte du Noüy. Longmans. $3.50.

SINCE THE publication of Darwin's, *The Origin of Species* there has been the prevalent notion that science, regarded for a time by its devotees as sacrosanct, had dealt a death-blow to religion. That it has done damage to faith there is no doubt, but that it should have done so has always seemed irrational to me. No one stopped to think, for example, of the implication of the discovery of evolution. If it revealed that Nature had a certain kind of intelligence, the intelligence of development and growth, it surely should have occurred to men to ask, whence came this intelligence, whence came the design by which all Nature is ruled? Who, in short, has devised evolution? Men of science themselves were too much preoccupied with their specific tasks to bother about the one thing that mattered: the origin of the human soul, and all that this implies. They failed to see the wood for the trees.

Now that science has reached undreamt-of heights of achievement, so much of which has gone into such destruction as the veriest fiend could have scarcely hoped for, its big men are not so sure of themselves; indeed, they are sure they have made a miscalculation somewhere. They have found that though they opened many doors there was always one more door to be opened, and that that door still led to another. Is it possible that there is Something, Someone, some impenetrable Mystery, after all, that has authored a world of greater meaning than dreamt of in their philosophy? In short, is it not possible that there is a Being whom men call God?

Lecomte du Noüy belongs to the newer group of scientists who frankly admit that the question is, to say the least, an open one. "The road to reason" is not by any means the road away from God. On the contrary, it may well lead back to a greater and more meaningful faith in the Creator. A scientist himself, and a great one, the author of this stimulating book castigates those who have failed to recognize the essential truth of Pascal's willingness to gamble on the existence of God. He indeed insists that there are more arguments today in favor of Pascal's choice than Pascal himself had.

Dr. du Noüy does not mince words: "The Goddess of Reason is bankrupt; the religion of positivism has foundered; and they are forced to fall back on an old-fashioned philosophy: Hegel's spiritualistic dialectics. They simply replace the word 'spiritualistic' by the word 'materialistic' . . . there emerges the most absurd doctrine that was ever produced by the human brain—a veritable defiance of intelligence and of science: the materialistic dialectics of the Soviets. We must not forget that technical periodicals have published such articles as 'The Dialectics of the Internal Combustion Engine,' 'The Dialectics of Synchronous Machines,' 'The Dialectics of Steel Alloys,' and 'For the Purity of the Marxist-Leninist Theory in Surgery.'"

It is the writer's passionate conviction in the light of his own time that man is more than a combination of appetites, instincts, passions and curiosity. He has a choice of two different roads to choose from: "The one is superficially easy since it considers the material world as the only reality. The other requires a rigorous discipline and admits the reality of imponderable spiritual forces." Hence, he asks: "Can we not find a middle road, the Road to Reason, on which both science and religion can meet together for the creation of a spiritually and physically perfect man?" In language both reasoned and impassioned, this book provides the answer, and in the affirmative. The achievements of Science are meaningless without a supra-scientific interpretation, and without taking cognizance of that profounder intelligence and spirit which are the peculiar attributes of man, lifting him above the purely material. This is a noble book; every intelligent man owes it to himself to read it.

JOHN COURNOS.

Cheaper by the Dozen. Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr. and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey. Crowell. $3.00.

THERE IS something engaging about this light, unassuming account of growing up in a New Jersey suburb thirty years ago. Twelve healthy children in one household naturally produce plenty of amusing situations; the *pater familias* here is a Life with Father type with a difference; and the members of the family are all so tremendously fond of one another that separation from any brothers and sisters even for quarantine purposes seem almost unbearable.

These elements alone could provide an entertaining narrative but the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Gilbreth were simultaneously pursuing active careers as the nation's leading time-study and efficiency engineers adds considerably to the fun. Each of the older children, for instance, had a younger tad assigned to him as his specific responsibility, at home or on the many trips which the Gilbreths made—to the stupefaction of the countryside—

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in a special Pierce-Arrow open car. Mr. Gilbreth, who had worked out domestic processes to the point of saving an extra minute every day by using two shaving brushes, had great ambitions for a hyper-efficient home. A daily chart of personal duties had to be filled out in its entirety by one and all the children and each one had his or her special household chores. Once a week all met to survey the scene, get new orders and even discuss plans—in family council. Without this saving sense of humor the running of a home on an efficiency engineer basis could have been a rather grim business. But as it was the Gilbreths apparently loved it.

Quite in tone with the rest of this straightaway story is the author's account how the girls finally overcame their father's hidebound taboos about bobbed hair, make-up and perfume, silk stockings and all those things that made every American high school girl of the period as much as possible like every other high school girl, intent on dates. Despite the most violent and persistent differences the Gilbreth family affections survived undimmed all these and other storms and growing pains. This pervading feeling rather more than the many amusing escapades supplies the dynamics of this attractive book.

EDWARD S. SKILLIN.

Tales of the Hasidim. The Later Masters. Martin Buber. Shocken. $3.75.
Israel and the World. Martin Buber. Shocken. $3.75.

IT IS GREAT and good news that while the Israelis and the Arabs are still locked in battle, Schocken goes quietly on bringing out the enduring words, the rich philosophy, and the true expression, of essential Jewry. Martin Buber grows and grows in stature: he has indeed arisen, a leader in Israel, and this book of essays written "in a time of crisis" are as timeless as they are timely. His introductory statement on the Faith of Judaism, is as challenging a presentment of monotheism at its archetypal, as has been made in our generation. His analysis of the 'turning' that must be the response of every creature to the Creator's cry "turn ye to me, and I shall create you anew" is simple and subtle. Simple, in its emphasis that the highest "ethical" moment is the "turning," that is not a return to an earlier, sinless, state, but a revolution of the whole being, in whose process man is projected into the way of God.

Subtle, is his rejection, for and with Israel, of all gnosis and all magic. "Gnosis, the perception of the knowable mystery, magic, the perception of the domitable mystery." The gnostic temptation is answered by the cry "the secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but the things that are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever." The magical temptation is answered with God's word from out the burning bush: "I shall be there as I there shall be," which is Dr. Buber's translation of the "I am that I am." "That is, you need not conjure me, for I am here, I am with you; but you cannot conjure me, for I myself do not anticipate any of my manifestations. You cannot learn to meet me: you meet me, when you *meet* me."

In the light of this immediacy Israel is shown as living always in the *nunc simul* of God; and that is its great message for today. That Adam's decision is made, here and now, by each and every one of us, in politics, in economics, in every aspect and variant of life: "as freely as Adam let God's hand go, the late-comer can clasp it."

There are pertinent essays on "The Gods of the Nations and God," on Nationalism and Zion, on the Jew in the World, on Nationalism and Hebrew humanism. But Dr. Buber is greatest when he is most universal: when he writes of the *Imitatio Dei* ("they imitate God's mercy" Aristides of Athens said of the Jews) of Plato and Isaiah: of the Power of the Spirit.

The second volume of "Tales of the Hasidim" is preceded by an admirable historical introduction by Dr. Buber, and by excellent notes about each of the Polish, Rumanian, Hungarian or Russian zaddikim. There are some breath-taking examples of deep wisdom.

For students of Kafka, for example, this is a very illuminating source book, or chap-book. And there is a pleasantly comprehensible quality about the rabbis—they are not remote and mystifying, like Buddhist or even some Muslim, wise or holy men; they are near us, and yet far enough to waken our palates, so easily dulled by the piety we know, so anxious to add a suspicion of curry here, or caraway seed there, t oflavor the nourishment we assimilate so badly, and need to much.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

Saint Peter the Apostle. William Thomas Walsh. Macmillan. $3.50.
The Big Fisherman. Lloyd C. Douglas. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

I AM CONSIDERING these two books without reference to the readers' polls. Mr. Walsh will not get into the Best Sellers lists but his is a more substantial work than the best-selling book by Mr. Douglas. For it gets closer to its subject.

What I like about *Saint Peter the Apostle* is that it has followed the Gospel record (wherein Peter is cast in a subordinate rôle) and yet has managed to put flesh and sinews upon the bones of its hero. Everybody knows there are gaps in the Gospel picture. To fill them out, Mr. Walsh brings his imagination into play and works up a story which is not lacking in plausibility. And on occasion he copies the method of Josef Pickl in *The Messias* and has recourse to modern parallels for ancient practices. That the procedure pays handsome dividends is clear from the 8th chapter which depicts the usages of the Galilee fishermen.

Two-thirds of the book treats of Peter's life up to the Ascension of our Lord. The last one hundred pages carry the story down to the saint's crucifixion on the Vatican sometime in 67 A.D. Of course, old legends must crop up—those, for example, of the Mamertime imprisonment and the meeting with Saint Paul on the way to martyrdom—but they are legends, at least, with a claim to respectable antiquity. It is of more concern that Mr. Walsh has seen fit to put into his book snatches from the modern visions of Theresa Neumann. Really, they add nothing to the story and have but little in the way of claims.

In common with other mortals, Mr. Walsh nods from time to time. Herod the Great is once confused with his son Antipas and is called "Tetrarch" by the author (p. 12). And Pontius Pilate is put into office some 18 years too soon (p. 19), while the first Herod Agrippa appears a full thirty years before his time (p. 21). That sort of thing mars the book, though it may not bother the general reader.

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Several slips of the same genre raise their heads in Mr. Douglas' work. At a date prior to 4 B.C., Salome gets mentioned as a pert young thing whose adventures are common talk (p. 25). Years later, when John the Baptist has already come upon the scene—which is 26 A.D. at the earliest—she is a woman of no more than thirty (p. 162). Perhaps that should be written off as striking evidence of the timelessness of woman and of Mr. Douglas' inclination to be chivalrous. But when Pontius Pilate turns up as the first Roman Procurator of Judea (p. 65) —historians place him fifth in the series—the reviewer can hardly ascribe the slip to polite usage.

Let us admit that Mr. Douglas is not writing history and that such faults may be forgiven him. Yet even the historical novel has norms of its own which are valid for practitioners of the trade. Beyond all else, the novelist must succeed in catching something of the spirit of the times whereof he writes. Mr. Douglas has not so succeeded. The Palestine he depicts is not the Palestine of Schürer's *History of the Jewish People* nor of Ricciotti's *Storia d'Israele*. It is suspiciously similar to the America of John Gunther wherein a man stops beside the "white picket fence to engage the Big Fisherman in what seemed to be a serious, man-to-man conversation" (p. 120). And when John the Baptist gets into conversation with Fara —not this time at the picket fnece—it is the earnestness of the YMCA secretary which is writ large upon the pages (pp. 109 ff.).

Part of Mr. Douglas' story is the tangled tale of the half-Arabian princess Fara and of Voldi the Arab prince. And the other part is that of Peter, the Big Fisherman (which title vaguely disturbs me), and of the Anointed One of Israel. That it is reverent, I will admit. That it will hold the reader I cannot say, for I set the book down a half-dozen times in fatigue at the pace wherewith the story moved.

Mostly it is a lumbering tale, interesting in spots, but with little in clear focus. The characters rarely come to life. The countryside lacks color. And even the miracles of Christ somehow fail to be impressive. Let us bear witness to the good will of the author. But let us be honest about his book. It is a well-intentioned sermon which, like most of the species, runs to wordiness and often tempts to slumber.

HENRY G. J. BECK.

High Towers. Thomas Costain. Doubleday. $3.00.

THE le Moyne family of Montreal provides promising subject matter for the historical novelist. These ten brothers, men of military, commercial, and administrative genius, were leaders in the struggle to build an Empire for France in the New World. Their widespread activities from the founding of New Orleans to the administration of their feudal "seigneurie" in Montreal and their political intrigues in Paris furnish Thomas Costain with a rich and varied setting for his latest novel.

The great potentialities of its subject make the deficiencies of this novel especially disappointing. Mr. Costain relies too much on his ability as a narrator and the reader's spontaneous interest in the romantic past and too little on the creative aspects of the novelist's art. Both characterization and plot in this work lack the slightest degree of subtlety. The characters are either brave, intelligent, noble and on the side of the le Moynes or they are cowardly, villainous scoundrels. Likewise the author indulges too frequently in conveniently timed Indian raids and

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chance encounters as the solution of problems of plot.

Beyond these defects in its basic conception the work as a whole lacks integration. The romance of the fictional characters, Félicité and Phillipe, touching though it may be, has little connection with the main plot. The unassimilated results of the author's research intrude awkwardly into the narrative. The total impression is one of mediocre workmanship.

This novel will doubtless attain the popularity of its predecessors, artistic considerations notwithstanding. This may be attributed to the fact that Thomas Costain is a natural story teller, and those who view the novel solely as the recital of a tale will find him entertaining. The reader may have no belief in Costain's characters and still be curious to know what happens to them. Artificial as his plot may be, it is unfolded in animated style which maintains the reader's attention. It is to be regretted that this elemental ability is not coupled with more finished technique.

CATHERINE ANN CLINE.

On This Side Nothing. Alex Comfort. Viking. $2.50.

"THERE is only one classification you can apply to the people you meet," says Shmul Weinstock, the hero of this novel—"in one of the troughs which punctuate history do they keep hold of life or do they settle to the bottom? And when one of those troughs is coming, and events begin to slope downwards, which way do they move?"

Dr. Alex Comfort (he is a practicing physician in London, as well as a novelist and a poet) here tells a wartime story—and a peace-time parable—of Jews and Gentiles moving on the slope and clutching and sliding in the trough.

The narrative is vivid and swift. Shmul Weinstock returns from Lisbon (where he might have taken ship for America, but "I got tired of moving about alone. I wanted to be with the others. I got tired of being a Gentile.") to his home in the ghetto of a city on the North African coast. Allied and Axis forces are fighting nearby. The Germans occupy the city and close the ghetto. Shmul helps in the digging of an escape tunnel. A German deserter leaps into the tunnel and Shmul, after almost deciding to kill him, shelters the man ("duty isn't to investigate everyone's credentials but to help the man who is showing fight."). The ominous waiting for an unknown fate ("the chief distress to which everyone was exposed was the normality of his own home—of the rooms with familiar crockery and furniture . . . like the fittings of a ship's saloon when one abandons ship—familiarity suddenly submerged in nightmare"), the shortage of food, the shutting off of the water supply by the Germans, the terrible heat, the bombing of the town: these things will bring panic and looting, and death and destruction by fire. Then the British take the city and the ghetto's inhabitants are interned. More people are brought in, among them Jewish concentration camp veterans who had escaped a German firing squad: they recognize the German deserter (now working as a clerk for the British) as one of their would-be executioners. Using Shmul as an almost-willing decoy they kill him. The body is found, and Shmul is suspected. After almost turning informer, he decides to flee (but not before refusing a chance to go to Palestine—"if I went I would be backing the idea that freedom is something national") and, seizing his chance, escapes across the Mediterranean.

The word "almost" occurs and recurs in this summary, and with reason. For in today's fiction Shmul Weinstock is one of the emerging representations of a kind of person we might call the *almost*-man—by which I mean not a man lacking in masculinity but the man who almost commits himself, the man who almost does something about it, the man who almost acts after making up his mind.

In our recent literature we have had the man-to-whom-things-happen (Hemingway, et. al.), the absolute-man (Yogi and Commissar) and the maybe-man (the Liberal, the men of good will). Of course, the almost-man has always been with us. In his pure form he streaks us all (the color of the streak is the glow of the parable in this book), but now, as the tension tightens between East and West, I think we may meet more and more spokesmen—brilliant and always just about to shift from low into high gear—for his kind.

Any Gentile who reads this book will be both rewarded and disturbed by the acute gusto of Dr. Comfort's insight into the thinking of a certain kind of modern Jew. He will also know the realization, like an itch in the mind, of his own involvement in the blame for the monstrous wrong done millions of Jews in our time.

MURRAY HICKEY LEY.

James II. F. C. Turner. Macmillan. $5.00.

MR. TURNER'S life, the dust-cover assures the reader, is "exhaustive and judicial." It is more, being, in parts, most readable and exciting. The account of Charles II's return, of his death; the flight of James and the ship becalmed while everyone politely pretended not to see it, the curious psychology of James' congenital unfaithfulness and his penchant for ugly women, all these are well done. But the overall effect is heavy. Scholarly and thorough, the book is somehow unassimilated. At the end, one wishes Mr. Turner had known less about James, or that one could remember more. It is a pity that the last Stuart king should never have come off, in life or in literature, but only from his throne.

A. F.

Art Through the Ages. Helen Gardner. Harcourt. $6.00.

TRUE to the title, *Art Through the Ages* takes us all the way from primitive to modern art, tracing the principal movements in painting, design and sculpture. This is a revised edition of what is by now a standard work; the author has illustrated her text expertly, integrating comment with specific reproductions of painting and sculpture.

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1. Any sore that does not heal —particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips. Do not pass it off as "nothing at all." Go to the doctor.

2. A painless lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip, or tongue. Do not wait "to see what happens." Go to the doctor.

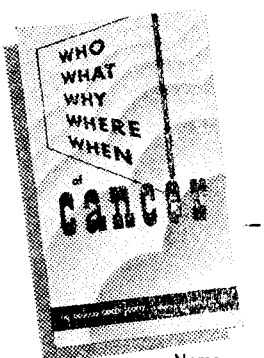
3. Irregular bleeding or discharge from any natural body opening. Do not wait for pain. Go to the doctor.

4. Persistent indigestion. Do not wait for loss of weight. Go to the doctor.

5. Progressive change in the color or size of a wart, mole or birthmark. Don't try salves or ointments. Go to the doctor.

6. Persistent hoarseness, unexplained cough, or difficulty in swallowing. Do not assume that it is due to smoking or some other form of irritation which will clear up. Go to the doctor.

7. Any change in the normal bowel habits. Do not attempt to diagnose yourself. Go to the doctor.



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